

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ren Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thanksgiving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer wast where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild'd, as thou art pild'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Clatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fife thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it for Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with childe.

Luc. Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him.

you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be pild downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Clow. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Claw. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust.

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re-

Claw. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty As surfet is the father of much fast,

So euery Scope by the immoderate vice Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane; A thirstie euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

Claw. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What's 't murder?

Claw. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Claw. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Claw. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Claw. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract

I got possession of Juliet's bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Save that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a Dowe

Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanc'es

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on Juliet.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Claw. Vnappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publike, be

A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know

He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tinfanny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Gouernor

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-scow'd Armor) hung by th' wall

So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,

And none of them beene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on

thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may

figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Claw. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde seruice:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,

And there receiue her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie: bid her telfe assay him,

I haue great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,

Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray thee may; as well for the encouragement

of the like, which else would stand vnder greuous im-

position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be

lorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of tick-

tacke: Ile to her.

Claw. I thanke you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two h

Claw. Come Officer,

Scen

Enter Duke

Duk. No: holy Fath

Beleue not that the dri

Can pierce a compleat

To giue me secret harbo

More graue, and wrinkl

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace

Duk. My holy Sir, no

How I haue euer lou'd e

And held in idle price, e

Where youth, and cost,

I haue deliuer'd to Lord

(A man of stricture and

My absolute power, and

And he supposes me tra

(For so I haue strew'd it

And so it is receiue'd: No

You will demand of me,

Fri. Gladly, my Lord

Duk. We haue strict

(The needfull bits and e

Which for this fourteen

Euen like an ore-growne

That goes not out to pro

Having bound vp the th

Onely to sticke it in the

For terror, not to vie: in

More mock'd, then fear'd

Dead to inflection, to the

And libertie, plucks Iustit

The Baby beates the Nu

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your

To vnloose this tyde-vp

And it in you more dread

Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe feare: toe

Sich 'twas my fault, to gi

'T would be my tyranny to

For what I bid them doe:

When euill deedes haue t

And not the punishment:

I haue on Angelo impos'd

Who may in th' ambush of

And yet, my nature neuer

To do in slander: And to

I will, as 'twere a brother

Visit both Prince, and Pe

Supply me with the habit,

How I may formally in pe

Like a true Friar: Moe rea

At our more leysure, shall

Onely, this one: Lord An

Stands at a guard with En

That his blood flowes: or

Is more to bread then ston

If power change purpose: